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THE Nation

November 13, 1954

20¢

The Elections

Foothold For '56?

Pattern For Victory

by Carey McWilliams

Issues That Counted

On-the-Spot Election Reports From Eight Key States

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

NOV 19 1954

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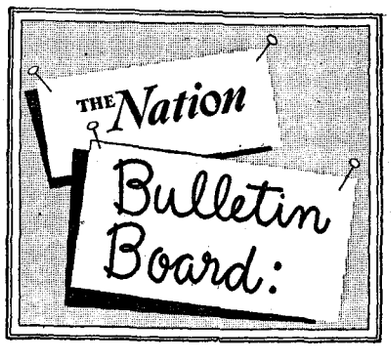

EARLIER this year one of our subscribers, Larry Alexander, wrote a letter to friends urging them to subscribe to *The Nation.* In it he talked about the dangers of war and said: "Since survival itself might depend upon the volume of the voices of protest raised against dangerous policies—and since *The Nation* is the liberal magazine which brings these issues clearly to large groups of influential Americans—it is vital that the magazine receive your support."

Survival, that's the key word in Larry's statement, the key word in his life. Back in 1949 Larry was happily married, had a four-months-old daughter, and was a hardware salesman living in Levittown, New York. Then one day he contracted polio, and since then he has been immobilized from the neck down. He lives in a special rocking bed and requires a chest respirator at regular intervals.

Reading, naturally, is a problem. But he has a special shelf rigged up to hold books and magazines, and manages to turn pages himself by means of a rubber-tiped rod which he holds in his mouth. That is how he reads *The Nation* each week, as well as other publications.

Last month Larry's book, "The Iron Cradle" (Crowell), was published. It tells the story of how he "adjusted"—that's an inadequate word—to his life. He still lives in Levittown with his wife and daughter and takes an active interest in community affairs. When the Levittown management refused to rent homes to Negro families, Larry joined with a group of residents who believed Levittown might well practice a bit of democracy. One of the Negro families involved lives in Levittown now and they and the Alexanders are close friends.

Larry is also interested in the work of the American Veterans Committee. I went out there the other week when Iz Weissman and Joe Russo of the Central Nassau Chapter of A. V. C. presented Larry with his 1955 membership. During the evening other friends kept dropping in till there were about eight of us, arguing every issue from Maine to California. Larry, of course, took an active part in the session.

The book, written in collaboration with Adam Barnett, a free-lance writer, touches on Larry's interest in politics. But knowing him as I do, I feel it does not go far enough. He has a tendency to deprecate what he does; but the fact that after a period of total introspection he was able to develop a lively interest in the outside world is a remarkable achievement. His concern with peace, with McCarthyism, with a better world for all people, is a living concern.

Not long ago Larry and I were talking about a scurrilous attack on *The Nation* by a little political scandal sheet. "I hope," he said, "you're not going to waste time answering them. You haven't much room and there are so many *positive* things to say." The editors agreed that he had placed the accent in the right place.

MARTIN SOLOW

Letters

Total Bail: $95,000

Dear Sirs: On August 1, 1954, five citizens of the Rocky Mountain area were arrested and imprisoned on the charge of "conspiracy to teach and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence." The next day we, the undersigned, were arrested on the same charge.

Bail for each of us was originally set at $100,000. The two of us are now out on $5,000 bail each, pending our trial. But our codefendants—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bary, Mrs. Patricia Blau, Mr. Lewis Johnson, and Mr. Harold Zepelin—remain in jail because of the excessively high bail, ranging from $10,000 to $30,000. Total bail for these five defendants is $95,000.

The Department of Justice has apparently chosen this case as a major vehicle for a new policy—to punish Smith Act victims *prior* to trial and to make it impossible for them to prepare a defense.

It is impossible, in today's McCarthyite climate of fear, to raise $95,000 for bail for these five defendants. As a result they have already been over three months in jail *before trial.* We urge your readers to help by writing United States Attorney Donald E. Kelley, Post Office Building, Denver, Colorado, requesting a reduction of bail to a reasonable amount.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH W. SCHERRER
Denver, Colo.

Against Thoreau—and Leary

Dear Sirs: Mr. Leary's recent essay on "Walden" was an interesting dossier on the travels of that book, but that is all. I hope he will let us know when it reaches the Eskimos.

Perhaps Mr. Leary's paragraphs were so vapid because Thoreau was an apostle of natural nonsense. Indeed, at times the recluse of Walden appears to be satirical in his hymn to trees, birds, and bugs. Whether he is satirical or not, however, it is time that the trite adulation of his misleading ideas be ended.

The central problem of Thoreau's time, as it is today, was how the individual could be best adjusted to society. In a sense this question was concerned with an artificial situation with regard to nature. Nature abhors any organization that is not a part of it, that is not dominated by it, and human society is such an organization. Social organization is apart from nature and opposed to nature. In attempting to solve the riddle of the individual in society, Thoreau missed the point altogether in plopping himself down on the shores of a pond and recommending that we all do the same. He would have been at least on the right track if he had set himself down in the middle of Boston.

People keep insisting that Thoreau's individual in nature should be our goal. Well, if suicide is our aim, let's go. If not, we must give up "Walden," except as a piece of pleasant reading and concentrate on thinking how to protect the individual when society is becoming ever more organized, or unnatural.

SAMUEL ORD
Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.

Mr. Leary Replies

Dear Sirs: I am happy that Mr. Ord found my dossier interesting. He, in turn, will be happy to know that "Walden" is available to Eskimos in the Armed Services edition distributed among our soldiers based in Alaska.

Thoreau himself, I think, would agree with much of Mr. Ord's comment, on his satire, on the relation of nature to man-made organization. But Thoreau also would be disappointed that Mr. Ord had not read his books more carefully. He did not consider his two-year experiment in living cheaply on the shore of Emerson's pond as a permanent way of life for himself, nor did he recommend it to other men. He was a writer and he went there to write a book, which he did, and to gather materials for another book. For his time and circumstances he handled his problem pretty well. What in the world would a man like Thoreau have done in Boston? What writer ever came out of Boston? Even commuting from Staten Island, Thoreau couldn't stand New York.

Finally, I think Thoreau would greet Mr. Ord as a companion spirit, a fellow-dissident who recognized his time was out of joint, and would suggest that Mr. Ord discover as good a solution for the twentieth century as he did for the nineteenth. My own suggestion to Mr. Ord is that he will find in reading Thoreau not a blueprint but some tolerably practical good counsel.

LEWIS LEARY
New York

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THE Nation
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EDITORIALS

Pattern for Victory . . . by Carey McWilliams

THE results of the November 2 election are now in, and contrary to the dolorous interpretation of right-wing commentators and columnists who see in them only evidence of confusion, a definite pattern emerges. It is neither as clear nor as bright as we would wish, but the design is unmistakable. A spirited Republican finale, sparked by well-paid hucksters, coupled with a faulty analysis of issues and bad timing on the part of the Democrats, aborted what would otherwise have been a decisive Democratic victory. The first calculations of Univac—the giant think-machine—were reasonable; this should have been a Democratic landslide. That it was not is largely due to Democratic timidity and mismanagement of a campaign that, in last week's issue, we characterized as a failure. Even so, the news is good, for what the voters did in this election is what American voters so often do: confound their critics by exhibiting good judgment and nice discrimination despite the ineptness and backwardness of their political leaders.

To see the pattern, however, the partisan objectives of the campaign, fixed more than a year ago, must be kept in mind. The Democratic leadership was not at all sure then that it would be to the party's advantage to capture control of both houses in an off-year election and be forced thereby to share responsibility with the President for the legislative record of the next two years. Actually the Democratic leadership was more concerned with the 1956 election than with capturing Congress this year, as many off-the-record statements by party leaders in the early months of 1954 made clear. Once the returns came in from Maine and Alaska, the focus of the campaign shifted from 1956 to 1954, but the readjustment of sights was too late to be wholly effective. In another sense, too, the Democrats were guilty of bad timing. Once again, as in 1952, they failed to mount a strong counter-offensive in the last weeks of the campaign to offset the last-minute smears of Messrs. Nixon and Dewey and the whirlwind tour of President Eisenhower.

But in terms of their initial objectives, there can be little doubt that the Democrats have scored heavily. They now control the state machines in every major center of population with the exception of California, Texas, and Massachusetts. With Williams in Michigan, Meyner in New Jersey, Lausche in Ohio, Harriman in New York, Leader in Pennsylvania, Freeman in Minnesota, and Ribicoff in Connecticut, the Democrats hold most of the key positions at the state level. The huge vote for Senator Paul Douglas, as well as the Democratic sweep of local offices in Cook County, would seem to place Illinois in the same category. In terms of electoral votes the stage has been set for a Democratic victory in 1956.

Whether the Democrats capitalize on the positions they have won hinges, however, on their ability to profit by some of the mistakes made in this year's campaign. As we pointed out last week, voter apathy was characteristic of the campaign in its early phases, as shown by the remarkably low registration in many key states. As the campaign drew to a close, the apathy tended to dissipate —thanks largely to the last-minute Republican smears— but by then the registration deadline had come and gone. A heavier registration would have meant a larger Democratic vote. Voter apathy was in turn due to faulty analysis of the major issues on the part of the Democrats. From a partisan point of view, the three major issues for the Democrats were McCarthyism (civil liberties), foreign policy, and "pocket-book" questions related to the state of the economy. The Democrats ducked the first two and fumbled the third.

AN outstanding feature of the results is the fact that the candidates, Democratic and Republican, who opposed McCarthyism fared better than those identified with it. The defeat of Representatives Clardy and Kersten, the one in Michigan, the other in Wisconsin, and of Joe Meek in Illinois, as well as the remarkable strength shown by Clifford Case in New Jersey—the one Republican candidate McCarthy specifically disavowed—can only be interpreted as a major setback for the witch-hunters. Had the Democrats made McCarthyism an issue at the outset, popular interest in the election would have been livelier and, presumably, the registration would have been heavier. While timidity minimized the defeat for McCarthy, there can be no mistaking the significance of the returns on this score. Taftites and McCarthyites, with a few exceptions, did not fare well.

On foreign policy the Democrats made the mistake of underestimating the public's interest and of restricting their criticism of the Dulles-Eisenhower policy to peripheral issues and procedure matters. Fortunately the Republicans were not in a position to exploit fully this

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weakness, but the response to the last-minute TV broadcast of Mr. Dulles reporting to the Cabinet was an indication that even oblique support for peace and coexistence is today better politics than threats of nuclear "massive retaliation" and advocacy of a holy war against communism. A vital debate on foreign policy initiated in the Congress well in advance of the election would have overcome voter apathy. Moreover, the Democrats failure to debate the basic foreign-policy issues minimized popular interest in the domestic. It must also have offended the intelligence of many voters, for as Representative Thomas E. Martin successfully demonstrated in Iowa, it is a little silly to pretend that there is no connection between high prices for hogs and war in Korea.

In their handling of domestic economic issues the Democrats made a number of miscalculations. For one thing, their projections of unemployment and underemployment in the last phase of the campaign were extravagant; distress was spottier than anticipated. Then, too, the Democrats insisted on discussing domestic economic issues in 1930 political terms; in effect they were still fighting the Hoover depression. To the extent that their analysis was not faulty it was boring. Of much more moment is the fact that the Democrats' attack on domestic issues did not square with their stand on major foreign-policy issues. The logic of an expanding domestic economy demands a policy of peaceful coexistence, a policy favoring foreign trade and investment, particularly of East-West trade. In the field of foreign policy the Democrats tend to be as timid and officially "correct" as British labor was in the post-1945 period.

Where major issues are not dramatized by conflicting partisan positions, the minor or secondary issues naturally assume an importance they would not otherwise possess. For example, personalities count more heavily, as do religious and ethnic variables. On this score the Democrats picked some strange candidates. They might have won a Senate seat in California with a first-rate nominee. The remarkable showing of George Leader, Clifford Case, and Richard Neuberger, and of Representative Harrison Williams, Jr., who rolled up a 21,581-vote plurality over his Republican opponent in the Sixth New Jersey Congressional District, are vivid proofs of the importance of personable, intelligent candidates in this era of TV campaigning. Although the octogenarians among the Democrats did very well—they are more youthful politically than many younger Democrats, making one look forward with eager anticipation to Mr. Stevenson in old age—their number indicates that the Democrats need to start looking around for new, relevant talent of the Leader-Williams variety. Too many Democratic candidates are still running as ex-New Dealers with an eye on Roosevelt's tactics in the 1936 campaign.

As much as any other factor, what seems to have overcome apathy in the last days of the campaign was simply

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the voters' growing disgust—disgust with phony candidates, phony issues, phony tactics. The smear attacks on Harriman in New York and Case in New Jersey clearly redounded to their advantage, while Mr. Ribicoff probably benefited from the undercurrent of anti-Semitism in the Connecticut campaign. In their reaction against McCarthyism and cheap political methods voters from Oregon to New York eloquently demonstrated that the politicians, as usual, underestimated their intelligence. What is remarkable about the results of the November 2 election is not that the Republicans, by the use of "clever," expensive huckster tactics, were able to minimize the Democratic victory; the real significance lies rather in the peoples' remarkable resistance to these tactics despite clumsy, timid leadership from the Democrats. It might be well for some of our eggheads who have been writing books about the "treason of the people" to study the results of this year's campaign, keeping in mind the role of the one-party press, the amounts spent by rival candidates and parties, and the mediocre leadership exhibited by both parties. As a project in democratic education the 1954 Congressional campaign was a failure but the results were not disappointing; the voters were simply several steps ahead of the politicians.

The Shape of Things

Mr. Davies's Realism

It sounded noble and magnanimous as you read it, but the statement by John Paton Davies, Jr., ousted last week from the State Department by Secretary Dulles, had overtones that lingered and left a different impression. You could understand his desire to end the long agony. His case had been reviewed nine times since the day he was first attacked by Congressional witch-hunters for his share in the State Department's China policy ten years back. Eventually it came before a special loyalty-security board appointed by Mr. Dulles last May. This board reversed the opinion of its predecessors and advised Mr. Davies's dismissal, not because it doubted his loyalty but because it found deficiencies in "judgment, discretion, and reliability." Mr. Dulles reviewed the findings, agreed, and fired his subordinate. So today Mr. Davies, after twenty-three years of earnest, devoted service is out of a job and deprived of a pension. When he decided to leave his vindication to history, one could sympathize. One could also believe he meant it when he said he hoped his departure would "add to the American people's confidence in their Foreign Service, which has been so unjustly undermined."

But one can disagree with Mr. Davies's judgment and, disagreeing, wonder whether the realism which had led him to support policies in the Far East which in turn led Mr. McCarthy and others to attack him and start the train of events that ended his career, has not deserted him now when he needs it most. Mr. Davies has been abused and most unjustly penalized by his government, and through him the Foreign Service itself has been abused and unjustly penalized. To the Foreign Service and all its members his dismissal was a humiliation—and a threat. It announced to the world that a loyal, efficient diplomat could not afford to differ—or to have differed ten years ago—with the views held by the ragtag reactionaries who still dominate State Department personnel policy. Instead of bowing to the decision of Secretary Dulles, Mr. Davies should have spoken out in his own behalf and that of an unintimidated Foreign Service. His refusal to do so will not add to the American people's "confidence" but will badly damage it.

The Falsetto Voice

Normally the winning by an American of a Nobel prize would be considered a juicy item by the United States Information Agency, whose function it is to help build American prestige abroad. But when Dr. Linus Pauling, distinguished biochemist, won the award a few days ago, the U. S. I. A.'s Voice of America was forbidden to mention the fact. The scientist, whose name has cropped up in Congressional inquiries, is the latest victim of the U. S. I. A.'s secret blacklist, described in *The Nation* of October 30.

But chronic creeping McCarthyism is apparently not U. S. I. A.'s only ailment. It also would appear to be the victim of an acute attack of blabbermouth. In the summer of 1953, the U. S. I. A. acquired the Voice of America from the State Department and has been operating it ever since. Last August J. J. Poppele, the Voice's director, declared that during the first year of the new regime his organization was "doing more with fewer people for less money." As confirmation, he noted that the Voice recently brought into operation three new powerful transmitters in Munich, the Philippines, and Okinawa; but he failed to mention that all three had been planned, blue-printed, and financed under the Truman Administration. He boasted that the Voice had increased the number of its language programs from thirty-four to thirty-eight, but neglected to point out that on January 1, 1953, when President Eisenhower took office, the Voice was broadcasting in forty-six languages and was using at least one-third more broadcasting time. He announced the opening of a Paris Service Center for feeding recorded broadcasts to West European radio networks, but failed to add that the center was originally opened by President Truman's Mutual Security Agency in 1952, that it was closed entirely last July for lack of funds, and has only just been reopened—with a three-man staff!

One can only hope that the propaganda the Voice is sending abroad is more trustworthy than the bilge Mr. Poppele hands out to the taxpayers who pay his salary.

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An Eight-State Analysis

THE ISSUES THAT COUNTED

[*On-the-spot analyses of the election results in eight states are presented on this and the following pages. Each state was the locale of a "key" race or races; together they represent a fair geographic sampling—except for the South, where the results were largely foreordained—of the country as a whole.*

In next week's Nation *Louis H. Bean, the political analyst who beat the pollsters by predicting Truman's victory in 1948, will interpret the elections from a national point of view. Mr. Bean is the author of "How to Predict Elections" (1948) and "The Midterm Battle" (1950).*]

Pennsylvania

BY JAMES HIGGINS

York, Pennsylvania

IN ELECTING George M. Leader governor—the state's first Democratic governor in twenty years, the third since the Civil War—the voters of Pennsylvania demonstrated that a liberal, principled candidate, waging a campaign on a high level of decency and sense, can find response in the people. Leader's victory by a margin of close to 275,000 votes in a state where the Republicans had the advantage of tradition, wealth, registration, the large newspapers, the apparatus of state government, and the blessing of Eisenhower personally bestowed at his Gettysburg farm, was no ordinary one. There is little doubt that it was rivaled in national significance only by Neuberger's apparent victory in Oregon.

Its chief significance lies in the relationship that was established between the candidate and the majority of the voters. Throughout his campaign, which he began as soon as he was nominated and carried on vigorously right up to the last minute, Leader gave unmistakable evidence of his respect for the intelligence and integrity of the individual American. His major campaign themes were the unemployment in the state, the sales tax, against which he had voted as a state senator from York County when the Republican-controlled General Assembly passed the measure last year, and the economic distress of the small farmer. Unquestionably, however, it was not so much the matter of his campaign as the manner of it which impressed Pennsylvanians.

In discussing unemployment, the sales tax, and reduced farm income he did not stress statistics. Again and again, from a sound truck in the streets of the state's cities, at formal and informal political meetings, on radio and television, he made it plain that his real concern was with the human suffering inflicted by unemployment, farm poverty, and a tax which fell with greatest weight on the average family. At the same time he conveyed his faith that Pennsylvania need not languish in economic doldrums, that something could be done about jobs and the squeeze on farmers. It is not exaggerating to suggest that he struck the Rooseveltian note in his natural ability to release hope, confidence, and courage.

There were, of course, other things that helped. The candidacy of Leader drew together the warring Democratic factions in Philadelphia—the liberals in Mayor Clark's and Richardson Dilworth's camp and the old-line city organization. Likewise in Pittsburgh the Mayor Dave Lawrence Democrats were in Leader's corner from the start, as well as those who in the primaries supported Allegheny County's Coroner McClelland against Leader. The unity Leader made possible is proved by his plurality of more than 110,000 in Philadelphia and his edge of almost 90,000 in Allegheny County.

The C. I. O., A. F. of L., and Mine Workers generally worked hard for the Democratic ticket. Leader's career as a successful poultry and hatchery man, his intimate knowledge of farm problems, added to his attraction in the rural areas, where the usual Republican vote was substantially reduced and a lead of about 75,000 built up outside of the Democratic strongholds in Philadelphia and Allegheny. His emphasis on the Republican failure to carry out repeated promises for fair-employment-practices legislation, for which Leader introduced a bill in the state Senate in 1951, undoubtedly was a factor with Negro voters. Also helpful were the inept administration of Governor John Fine; the differences in the Republican Party between the Joe Grundy–Mason Owlett–Andrew Sordoni–Fine combine and the Pew (Sun Oil)–Mellon (Gulf Oil)–Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association–Senator Duff group; and the quality of Leader's Republican opponent, Lloyd Wood, a reactionary party hack who is Fine's Lieutenant Governor.

But all these, and other circumstances, were merely contributory. Leader's direct appeal to Pennsylvanians was personal. So strongly did his character come across that Republican efforts to smear him because he had led the opposition to the Pennsylvania "loyalty oath" bill in the state Senate backfired. And so did the Republican attempt to discredit him for his youth—he is thirty-six—and inexperience in government.

His uncompromising opposition to the loyalty-oath law—he called it a "malevolent instrument of discrimination against educational and religious minorities"—apparently stamped him in the minds of voters as a man of principle, which he is. His youth accentuated the impression he made of vigor, sincerity, assurance, and determination. He will need all these qualities, and all of his principle, to deal effectively with the financial mess the Republicans have made of the state government and with the economic, health, and welfare problems of Pennsylvania, which he has pledged himself to tackle.

He will be aided both by the new

JAMES HIGGINS is assistant editor of the York Gazette and Daily.

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George M. Leader

Democratic majority in the state House of Representatives and by a state Senate which, while evenly divided, will be Democratically controlled by virtue of the new Democratic Lieutenant Governor, Roy Furman. These results, too, were unprecedented in Pennsylvania.

If one can declare that for the next four years at any rate the grip of a reactionary Republican political machine on state government has been broken, and that the influence of the Pew interests (Sun Oil), Mellon interests (mostly Gulf Oil), big power utilities, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association stands to be replaced by the influence of the people of Pennsylvania, the lesson for liberal Democrats everywhere in the country is plain. Leader did not just survive the smears and the slanders. He beat them by sticking to his guns. He and the voters of Pennsylvania have pointed the national way for 1956.

Iowa

BY SAMSON HALLECK

Des Moines, Iowa

REPUBLICAN Tom Martin traveled farther and made more speeches than any other Senatorial candidate in Iowa's history to achieve his surprising victory over his veteran Democratic opponent, Senator Guy M. Gillette. Since June, 1953, he has made fifty-five round trips by air between Washington and scheduled political meetings in various Iowa communities. In addition he covered more than 50,000 miles by automobile. Everywhere he campaigned hard against war and for the President's flexible-price-support farm program. Emphasizing the undoubted relative prosperity of Iowa's corn and hog farmers, he told his rural audiences: "Every farmer knows how hog prices can be forced abruptly upward. Go out and kill 200,000 boys in a war and you will have $50 hogs. Hog prices did get higher under the Democrats, but those were war prices. We all know what goes with the price tag that the Democrats are boasting about."

Senator Gillette had no real "pocket-book" issue in this state. Hog prices—around $18.50—are considered fairly good. Unemployment is a problem in only a few places. The politicians were more excited than the farmers about the present low prices for eggs and dairy products.

Senator Gillette used to be the greatest Democratic vote-getter in the state's history. He magic is gone now. He lost his home county, and his pulling power proved surprisingly weak in several of the larger cities where the labor vote is important.

After the returns were in, Martin said, "The Eisenhower Administration met with even more approval than was expected in Iowa." The people of Iowa want peace, and they believe that President Eisenhower has given it to them. And apparently they are prosperous enough to be satisfied with the G. O. P.'s domestic program, including the flexible farm-price policy.

SAMSON HALLECK is an Iowa newspaperman.

Oregon

BY RALPH FRIEDMAN

Eugene, Oregon

THE close victory of Richard L. Neuberger, a forty-one-year-old writer well known to readers of *The Nation,* over Guy Cordon, the incumbent, makes him the first Oregon Democrat to go to the United States Senate in forty years. It also appears that for the first time since 1940 Oregon has elected a Democrat to the House, Mrs. Edith Green, a forty-four-year-old ex-schoolteacher from the Third Congressional District, which is Multnomah County (Portland). Mrs. Green spoke out vigorously against the Eisenhower foreign policy and McCarthyism to defeat Tom Lawson McCall, Portland broadcaster and protégé of Secretary of the Interior McKay.

The campaign for the Senate seat was the bitterest and dirtiest that Oregon ever witnessed. Vilification, Red-baiting, deceit, and slander were the order of the day with the Republicans. Taking cues from the serpent tongue of Nixon, who made one of his familiar "whirlwind" appearances, whipping up dust in every direction, the Republicans falsely accused Neuberger of cheating in a college examination more than twenty years ago, of being the tool of Eastern left-wingers, and of writing an article for the October 10 issue of the *Daily Worker.*

Attacks on Neuberger were coupled with a defense of Cordon's policy on natural resources. Cordon, who opposes a federal dam at Hell's Canyon and has been instrumental in putting through Eisenhower's giveaway program, was painted as the great defender of public power, forest lands, and grazing lands. Cordon was also supported by a large majority of the state's newspapers, but this was somewhat offset by the round-the-clock aid Neuberger received from Senator Wayne Morse.

Neuberger is well known as a champion of public power and conservation of natural resources and thus won a tier of four counties in northeastern Oregon, in the Hell's Canyon region, where power is a key issue. He also took the counties along the lower Columbia, as well as Multnomah County, and Coos County on the coast. In these areas labor has its greatest strength, and not since the campaigns of Franklin Roosevelt has labor so effectively mobilized its forces. In the rest of the state, particularly the great Willamette Valley farming counties, Cordon led.

Unemployment is a burning issue throughout the state. According to the state C. I. O. secretary, it is "40 per cent above last year, which in turn was 40 per cent above the previous year." Despite this, Neuberger refused to stress unemployment until the closing stages of the campaign. For tens of thousands of Oregonians, however, unemployment and high prices—"the pocket-book question"—were more important than power and conservation. Neuberger was also weak in his approach to the farm question, having relatively kind words

RALPH FRIEDMAN is a free-lance writer.

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Richard L. Neuberger Berger

for Ezra Benson. And his stand on foreign policy was disquieting to many liberals. He promised to work for a foreign policy "in the mold of Vandenberg, Roosevelt, and Eisenhower"—a curious statement to those who thought they understood history.

The real surprise in this state was the vote received in the Fourth Congressional District by Charles O. Porter, the young Democratic attorney who urged admission of Peking to the U. N. Porter rolled up 40 per cent of the vote, and this in a district which is about as rock-ribbed Republican as New Hampshire.

New Jersey

BY DAVID VAN PRAAGH

Trenton, New Jersey

ALL that was certain on the morning of November 3 was that neither Representative Charles R. Howell, Democrat, nor former Representative Clifford P. Case, Republican, would win by more than a few thousand votes of a total of one and three-quarter million cast. Both parties shouted foul as the votes were tallied in counties that went against them by surprising margins. By the end of the week Case was winning by about three thousand votes, with some absentee ballots still to be counted and the Democrats preparing to demand a recount in several counties. The official result will not be known before November 30.

No matter which man goes to Washington as New Jersey's junior Senator, it is hard to escape the conclusion that something happened among the state's voters in the last days before November 2. A New Jersey poll, for example, which had never before been wrong had Howell ahead by 16 per cent of the vote, as of two days before the election.

Whatever the cause, the astonishing result was that Case overcame a Democratic lead of almost 100,000 at one point and fought Howell to a standstill. Despite bad weather the vote was larger than expected. There may have been a surge of sympathy for Case as a result of the smear against his sister. It is more likely, however, that many of the independents and Republican right-wingers who had been expected to stay home or vote against Case supported him in the end.

The truth of the matter is that Case was not the liberal in this campaign. His support of President Eisenhower approached hero-worship. He implied that the Democrats were among those behind the "sister story" when that honor belonged exclusively to members of his own party. He tried painfully to disassociate himself from the state Americans for Democratic Action, which had indorsed both candidates. And in the end, when none of these tactics seemed to work, he assured the conservatives in Bergen County and throughout the state that he was a Taft Republican after all. Bergen helped save him with a surprising 47,000 plurality.

If the boy wonder of the Republican Party comes out on the short end of the vote, it will be due, of course, to the more adamant right-wingers. Former Representative Fred A. Hartley, leader of the dissident Republicans, received about 1,500 write-in votes, and Henry Krajewski, former Secaucus pig farmer who ran on a pro-McCarthy ticket, polled about 25,000 votes. But his defeat will be something of a Pyrrhic victory for the reactionaries and will be especially ironic if it results in Democratic control of the Senate. For the badly discredited and scandal-ridden state Republican Party did better at the polls with a member of its so-called progressive wing than almost anyone expected.

Still it must be added that McCarthy sentiment in the state evidently hurt both candidates. Case ran 25,000 votes behind the combined total of Republican Congressional candidates; Howell saw 15,000 votes in heavily Catholic Hudson County go to Krajewski and his own expected plurality in that Democratic stronghold reduced. Both candidates were refreshingly frank in their denunciation of Joe McCarthy and his ways.

President Eisenhower, who bestowed more indorsements on his "1,000 per cent" backer than on any other Republican candidate but who never came into the state—perhaps because the G. O. P. high command had given it up—certainly did not lose any prestige by the Case upsurge; the Republicans also retained their eight-to-six edge in New Jersey House seats. The same cannot be said for New Jersey's young, confident Democratic Governor, Robert B. Meyner, who gained that position last year by 153,000 votes and subsequently broke the Hoffman scandals. Meyner has been discussed as a running-mate in 1956 for Adlai Stevenson, who also campaigned for Howell.

Perhaps the real irony of the New Jersey vote is found in the fate of Charley Howell, a homey, thoroughgoing liberal and New Dealer who campaigned on the theme of unemployment and the Eisenhower Administration's mistakes. It was Howell's lot not only to be the forgotten man of the New Jersey campaign as headline-making developments broke about his opponent, but to lose his moment of sweeping victory in the mounting election returns.

DAVID VAN PRAAGH is a reporter for the Trenton Times.

Illinois

BY RICHARD LEWIS

Chicago

THE reelection of Senator Paul H. Douglas in Illinois is in one sense a victory for democratic liberalism over the pro-McCarthy conservatism represented by his Republican opponent, Joseph T. Meek. In another sense it is a personal triumph for Douglas, though not as great a one, majority-wise, as his victory in 1948, a Presidential year.

RICHARD LEWIS is on the staff of the Chicago Sun-Times.

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In this off-year election, characterized by close Congressional contests except in the South, the decisive Douglas margin commands attention. Twenty-four hours after the polls closed in Illinois, Douglas's majority was about 245,000 votes out of 3,340,000 cast from all but 57 of the state's 9,775 precincts. This was about 60 per cent of the 407,000-vote lead he piled up over Republican C. Wayland Brooks in 1948. But it still was one of the biggest majorities scored by any Democratic candidate in a Northern state.

Douglas ran on his record—the Democratic organization billed him as "America's Number One Senator"—and on a tenacious effort to arouse indifferent state and federal officials to the challenge of unemployment. Just below the level of vocalization, however, seemed to lurk the real contest—between a renascent New Dealism and the forces of reaction and isolation. Douglas received a 314,984 majority in Cook County (Chicago), but this was whittled down in predominantly Republican downstate areas. He carried the industrial regions of East St. Louis and Rock Island as well as the southern Illinois coal counties, where unemployment has been severe; he lost the Peoria and Rockford areas, where it is not.

Douglas had been stumping the state for months, preaching "gloom and doom" warnings that spotty unemployment in the farm-equipment, steel-fabricating, electronics, and coal industries was a symptom of recession. His was the lone voice that criticized delays in unemployment-compensation checks last winter, when a rush of claims backed up payments for weeks.

In contrast, Meek's campaign was negative. He was in general against what Douglas was for. As head of the Illinois Federation of Retail Associations, a State House lobby, Meek identified himself with "sound business interests." But they did not seem to identify themselves with him, judging by Douglas's widespread business support.

The choice of Taft Republicans, who dominate the Illinois G. O. P. organization, Meek campaigned in the primary election as a caustic foe of President Eisenhower's foreign policy, but when the general-election campaign gathered speed, he suddenly became a convert to the President's program, both foreign and domestic. In this transformation Meek rid himself of Senator McCarthy, whose support he had sought in the primary campaign. But he could not shed McCarthy tactics, which Meek's organization sought to imitate. Nor did he succeed in selling himself to pro-Eisenhower independents.

Senator Douglas

McCarthy stooges on the G. O. P. right flank put on a pamphlet campaign designed to smear Douglas as a Socialist and Communist-front joiner, and Meek indorsed it.

The Democrats picked up three Congressional seats, boosting their number from nine to twelve of the state's twenty-five-member delegation. Veteran Republican Representatives F. E. Busbey (Third District) and Edgar A. Jonas (Twelfth) were upset in Chicago, and C. W. Bishop (Twenty-fifth) downstate.

For Governor William G. Stratton the election outcome was a resounding political setback. Stratton had intervened dramatically at the last minute in the Cook County sheriff's race to defeat the Democratic Joseph D. Lohman, head of the state Parole Board under Stevenson. But the Governor was decisively repulsed as Lohman swamped his Republican opponent to be elected the first sheriff in the history of Cook County with the qualification of an expert in criminology.

Adlai Stevenson, who had talked hard for Democratic candidates, viewed the Democratic upswing as a sign of a new time. "It is only the beginning," he said.

Massachusetts

BY GEORGE D. BLACKWOOD

Boston

THAT old cry in politics, "You can't beat a myth," was borne out in Massachusetts. The "myth" was Senator Leverett Saltonstall, and the man who tried to beat him was the Democrat Foster Furcolo. Saltonstall, highly respected the length and breadth of Massachusetts, had the fight of his political career from Furcolo, who became well known in western Massachusetts as a Congressman in 1948-52 but had to build his vote in eastern Massachusetts from the ground up. After winning his first state-wide contest in 1952—for the office of state treasurer—the forty-four-year-old Furcolo, son of an Italian father and Irish mother and the first Italian American leader to emerge in Massachusetts politics, decided to battle Saltonstall.

Saltonstall's 35,000-vote victory was based on three things: the popularity of John F. Kennedy, the coolness of some upper-income Irish toward Furcolo coupled with their high respect for Saltonstall, and the hidden issue of 1954—McCarthyism. Because Furcolo had alienated the Americans for Democratic Action and refused to come out clearly against McCarthy, many liberals followed the lead of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and voted for neither man. Some voted for Saltonstall. (Rumors that raised doubts about Furcolo's liberalism were false in the light of his record in Congress.) On the other hand, it is said that the Boston *Post* indicated it would support Furcolo if he indorsed McCarthy, and he refused. The strong pro-McCarthy element, therefore, as well as intellectuals and liberals, were suspicious of Furcolo, and Saltonstall, who also kept silent, was the beneficiary.

The great victor of the election on the Democratic side was the junior Senator, John F. Kennedy, who has worked closely with Saltonstall much of the time. Senator Kennedy is now far and away the most prominent possibility in New England for a place on the national ticket in 1956. His decision not to indorse Furcolo caused people to suspect

GEORGE D. BLACKWOOD is associate professor of political economy at Boston University.

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that he preferred the Republican as a colleague, and some votes were thus diverted to Saltonstall. The power of the Kennedy name was shown when a complete unknown named John F. Kennedy (no relation) first crushed the choice of the Democratic leaders for state treasurer in the primary and then swept into office by a large margin after hardly lifting a finger to campaign.

On the Republican side, the stature of Saltonstall is unimpaired, and that of his running-mate, Governor Christian A. Herter, is increased. An able administrator, Herter won by 65,000 votes. The Republican Party, unlike the Democratic, is united and is firmly controlled by Herter and a few others. However, it is not the majority party of Massachusetts. The independents hold the balance of power now even more than before, and in a straight party fight an unobjectionable Democrat can more often than not beat an unobjectionable Republican. Thus, while they elected a Senator and Governor, the Republicans lost three of five other state-wide offices and were almost toppled in a fourth. In addition, the Democrats gained one Congressional seat and almost took another. The state delegation is now exactly split—one Senator from each party, and seven Representatives from each.

The new Congressman, Torbert MacDonald, is a leader of the powerful Kennedy faction of the Democrats. Like Kennedy, he is young (thirty-seven) and able. One of the most striking features of the election is the emergence of young men as real leaders in both parties. The best example on the Republican side is the reelected Lieutenant Governor Sumner G. Whittier. The Democrats developed such men as MacDonald, Jackson Holtz, who came within 2,000 votes of upsetting a sitting Congressman, and—especially—Endicott (Chub) Peabody. Peabody, Harvard's last all-American, is a most unusual Democrat for Massachusetts, and he will be heard from in the future. Elected to the Governor's Council in a normally Republican area, Peabody changes the usual Irish-Italian complexion of the Democratic Party in more ways than one. An outstanding liberal and leader of the American Veterans Committee, he brings youth and ability into politics.

On the basis of this election Massachusetts continues to rank as one of the three or four most independent states in the Union. Both parties presented some able men, but religious affiliations, the influences of nationality, and traditional positions beclouded the issues.

It is typical of Massachusetts that—as of the day after the election—it appears that the state Senate will be Republican and the House Democratic. In many ways the dead center upon which American politics at present seems to pivot is illustrated here.

Ohio

BY RICHARD L. MAHER

Cleveland, Ohio

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, Joe McCarthy, and dogged determination combined to return to the G. O. P. Bob Taft's old Senate seat. George H. Bender, ebullient Cleveland Congressman who came to national attention as the bell-ringer for Taft at the 1952 Republican National Convention, beat Thomas A. Burke, the middle-of-the-road Democrat and former mayor of Cleveland who was appointed to Taft's place by Ohio's unpredictable Governor Frank J. Lausche.

Burke lost by fewer than 10,000 votes out of more than 2,600,000 cast. He can blame President Eisenhower for some of the votes against him. He can blame Senator McCarthy for others. He can also blame himself.

The President came to Cleveland on the Friday before the election. He appealed to Republicans and independents to go out and vote; he forgot to mention Bender by name but did call for a Republican House and Senate. Then Mr. Eisenhower on the following day dramatized his appeal by a personal telephone call to a Cleveland Republican. The effect apparently was good, for in many areas where there had been apathy about the Senatorial campaign the voters poured out and swatted Burke.

Joe McCarthy was not an issue in the campaign until Burke made him one—over the objections of some of his close aides, particularly those from conservative Cincinnati—and declared he would vote to censure McCarthy. That was all that was needed. The pro-McCarthyites in Ohio as elsewhere are an actionist group. The anti-McCarthy folks take Joe or leave him and don't get stirred up. The result was that Burke took a shellacking wherever there was pro-McCarthy sentiment. Cincinnati and Hamilton County, for example, are normally Republican but were showing little interest in the campaign. Burke's statement on McCarthy did the trick. The turnout was heavy, and when the votes were tallied Burke had lost to Bender by 37,700.

Another factor was the diligence of the candidates. Burke is an easygoing fellow who likes to coast, solving problems only if they get persistent. Bender is an eager-beaver type, always on the go, full of pep. Burke could have overcome the odds against him had he been a more dramatic figure and shown more than a casual interest in winning.

The other victory in Ohio that attracts national attention is that of Frank Lausche, the independent Governor who fights with labor unions, his party leaders, the big truckers, and the utilities. Lausche won easily, but not so easily as in 1952—in the face of the Eisenhower tide. Then he rolled up a 400,000 plurality; this year hardly more than half that. But he is the only man in Ohio ever to win five terms as Governor, the only Governor ever to serve four consecutive terms. It looks as if he might have a date with destiny in 1956.

RICHARD L. MAHER is on the staff of the Cleveland Press.

California

BY ROBERT W. KENNY

Los Angeles

CALIFORNIA's new Democratic leadership was simply unable to capitalize upon its success in the spring primaries, although it had surmounted the cross-filing hurdle and presented a qualified candidate for nearly every office. The leadership's inherent weaknesses first became apparent at the state convention in August, and by November 2 California's Democrats had completely reverted to their old bad habits of individual careerism. The Republicans were thus left undisturbed in the offices which they have held since Earl Warren first became Governor in 1942.

ROBERT W. KENNY has been a Superior Court judge, state senator, and state attorney general in California.

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A real crusade might have aroused California's three-to-two Democratic majority sufficiently to bring about a different result. But a crusade needs militancy and unity, and both were lacking. Militancy was made impossible by the party decision that all candidates must be "smear proof." While that decision alone might not have been fatal, the principle was extended to supporters of candidates. All the old Democratic militants who had led the party to victory in F. D. R.'s days were screened out of the campaign.

Unity was impossible primarily because the A. F. of L. supported the Republican Goodwin Knight for Governor and the Democratic Sam Yorty for United States Senator. In order not to lose the A. F. of L.'s support, the Yorty forces refused to coalesce with the backers of Richard Graves, the Democratic candidate for Governor.

The only live issue injected into the campaign was Graves's principled opposition to William G. Bonelli, elected head of Southern California's liquor-control activities. But Graves had a

Governor Knight

strange bedfellow on this issue. The Los Angeles *Times* was also opposed to Bonelli. A lavish campaign fund was raised to elect Bonelli, a recent convert to the Democratic Party, and the Bonelli organization provided funds for many of the other Democratic candidates, who were thus weaned away from enthusiastic support of Graves. But Bonelli lost too.

The one Democratic victory in Southern California was the election of Richard Richards, former chairman of the Democratic Central County Committee, to the position of state Senator from Los Angeles County, succeeding Red-baiting Jack B. Tenney (Republican). Richards was one of the few candidates who practiced unity and coalition. For example, most of the others shunned the old-age-pension cause, but Richards acted as the pensioners' attorney and received the wholehearted support of that group. While the ballot proposition to increase California's old-age pension from $80 to $100 failed by a narrow margin, the pension support helped carry Richards to victory.

The one bright spot remaining in California's political future is the possibility that in 1956 Robert M. Hutchins can be persuaded to run for the United States Senate against the Republican Senator Kuchel, who was elected this time for only a two-year term. A campaign under Hutchins's leadership might restore some crusading will-power to the Democrats.

DAY OF THE DICTATOR

Latin America's Crisis . . . *by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

AS *The Nation* has pointed out before, throughout Latin America there is profound and growing dissatisfaction with a social system which forces the masses of the people to live in the most degrading poverty while a small ruling clique enjoys almost feudal luxury. In the past the privileged minority has been able to thwart any political move toward economic democracy by destroying the political democracy which makes such moves possible. Thus representative governments have repeatedly been replaced by dictators who all too often have managed to stay in power only with the financial and political support of the United States. As a result, Washington scans with reassurance a Latin American continent which seems freer of overt revolutionary trends than at any other time in many decades. Yet beneath the surface the picture is quite different. Sometimes revolutions are not seen until they explode with world-shaking fury. Such a one occurred in Asia, and such a one may be in the making in Latin America as it is in Africa.

Last week the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sponsored a conference, in connection with Columbia University's bicentennial celebration, on "Responsible Freedom in the Americas." If the conference achieved nothing else than to open the eyes of a few observers to the dangers of the Latin American situation, it achieved a valuable purpose. The conference was outstanding not only in its agenda but in the clear and courageous manner in which most of the participants spoke their mind. It opened with a sharp attack on the United States by Fernando Diez de Medina, noted Bolivian writer, who called this country to account for its intervention in Guatemala and for following a dollar diplomacy based on the exploitation of cheap Latin American labor for the benefit of the American private investor. Describing himself as a political independent who shared some of the principles of his country's President, Victor Paz Estenssoro, the speaker reminded his audience that the average Bolivian worker earned in a month what the United States worker earns in less than half a week. He pointed out that the Russians had no need to use Latin America as a base for anti-United States activities; the continent's 70,000,000 illiterates, all of them potential Communists in their poverty and despair, were ready to do the Russians' work for them without the asking.

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The social aspect of the Latin American picture was also stressed by Ricardo Alfaro, professor of international law at the University of Panama, and once his country's foreign minister. No extremist, Dr. Alfaro nevertheless sharply rejected the idea that Latin America's socio-economic problems can be solved by installing dictators who are prepared to "protect the legitimate interests of foreign investors and foreign governments."

Dr. Eduardo Santos, former President of Colombia, and long known as ideologically, politically, and temperamentally opposed to communism, denounced the absurdity of blaming all socio-political problems on Communist agitation and intrigue. His talk was of immense value precisely because he chose a United States forum in which to deliver it.

> The flag of anti-communism in Latin America [he said] has been transformed into a pirate's banner marking the passage of the most variegated cargos, including some that are an abomination. The worst enemies of freedom are hiding behind that flag. . . . The most loyal friends of democracy, the most consistent adversaries of communism, are themselves charged with being Communists the moment they resist or embarrass the dictators.

A great and constant friend of Republican Spain, Dr. Santos shares with many other distinguished Latin American liberals the conviction that the present trend toward dictatorship among the republics finds its fountainhead in Spanish fascism. He believes that the United States, in supporting Franco, is thereby also supporting every anti-democratic force now at work south of the Rio Grande.

The former Colombian President paid tribute to Claude G. Bowers, American diplomat and author of "My Mission to Spain," for having urged earlier in the conference that the United States assist Latin America with an enlarged Point IV program instead of with arms. Dr. Santos warned that arms would only strengthen the power of the dictators and that they represent a constant threat to peace.

> I have fought against that for twenty years. . . . Against whom are we going to arm ourselves? What kind of military role are we expected to play in the great international conflicts that are tearing the world apart? This policy of arms is for me the greatest error that is being made in Latin America. And the United States has pushed us in that direction, diverting us from our historical destiny, and perhaps endangering the future of the entire continent—uselessly, absurdly, inexplicably.

Dr. Santos received a standing ovation.

I HOPE to deal later with the speech by Utilio Ulate, publisher of the *Diario de Costa Rica,* on state "interventionism," and with other addresses on aid and trade which will acquire special significance when the inter-American economic conference takes place in Rio de Janeiro next month. One of the last speakers was Fernando Ortiz, distinguished Cuban anthropologist and author of "Tobacco and Sugar," a classic work on Cuba's social structure. "We have been talking about freedom and its lack in Latin America," Dr. Ortiz said. "But why no talk about freedom in the United States? Every attack against freedom here means another attack against freedom in my own country." Dr. Ortiz's point did not fall on deaf ears. James Benitz, chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico, offered the facilities of his university for another conference of the same group next year. Thus the discussion on freedom in the Americas will be assured of fruitful continuity.

PAKISTAN PUZZLE

The Issues at Stake . . *by Keith Collard*

Karachi

MOHAMMED ALI, Prime Minister of Pakistan, went to Washington at the end of September on the invitation of President Eisenhower. He succeeded in enlarging the amount of military aid allocated to his country and in obtaining substantial economic aid. Having accomplished his purpose, he hurriedly canceled a proposed trip to Ottawa and flew home to face a major political crisis. Landing at Karachi on the evening of October 23, he told the members of the government and the enthusiastic crowd that met him that he knew the people were impatient for a constitution and that one must be acted on without further delay. He then drove straight to the Governor General's house, where he stayed until two in the morning. On the next day the Governor General, Ghulam Mohammed, proclaimed a state of emergency, declared that the Constituent Assembly had lost the confidence of the people, and announced that a new Cabinet would be formed by Mohammed Ali. The Governor General and the Prime Minister explained that they were acting in the cause of national stability and solidarity.

The government has always insisted that it does not control the Constituent Assembly, but this can be questioned. The Prime Minister is also the president of the Pakistan Moslem League, which has a clear majority in the Assembly, and therefore the Prime Minister and the party must bear full responsibility for any act or omission of the Assembly. It was the Prime Minister who a year ago sponsored and introduced the "Mohammed Ali formula" which was to resolve the constitutional deadlock. And it was he who, less than two months ago, announced that the constitution would be finished and proclaimed by December 20.

What, then, were the actions of the Assembly that had aroused this widespread dissatisfaction? Two bills had been passed on September 20 and 21,

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KEITH COLLARD, an associate professor of political science at McGill University, Montreal, is now doing research in Pakistan with a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation.

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the last two days of the sitting: an act repealing the Public and Representative Offices Disqualifaction Act of 1949 (P. R. O. D. A.) and one amending the Government of India Act. The former was in reality a method of impeachment. It provided that the Governor General or a provincial governor might refer allegations of misconduct by ministers or legislators to a judicial tribunal. If the tribunal found the charges were proved, the Governor General might order the disqualification from public life of the guilty person for a period of up to ten years. Before P. R. O. D. A.'s repeal, disqualification had been imposed upon four persons, all ex-ministers of provinces, and another case was before a tribunal. It was rumored, however, that a large number of cases—the figure twenty-two was mentioned—were under consideration. The principal arguments for the repeal of P. R. O. D. A. were its abuse in the past and the opportunities it gave for a form of political blackmail.

The amendment of the Government of India Act, which is the basis of Pakistan's interim constitution, explicitly curtailed the power of the Governor General by requiring him to act only upon the advice of his ministers and by giving the power of dismissal of a minister to the Prime Minister. Since the new constitution was expected to be in force by the end of the year, this provision was presumably intended to limit the power of the Governor General from September to December. Ghulam Mohammed had dismissed a Prime Minister and his Cabinet in April, 1953, and it seems to have been suspected that he might do it again.

The two crucial bills had been introduced by M. H. Gazder, the deputy president of the Constituent Assembly. In respect of the amendment to the Government of India Act no member of the government spoke. The news agency's report of the bill's passage ran as follows: "[Mr. Gazder] said that there was no need to make any comments because the bill was necessary for the advancement of democracy and democratic traditions in the country. The bill as amended was then adopted by the House. The passage of the bill was received with applause." It so happened that on the same day a minister of the government introduced a bill to increase the emoluments of the deputy president of the Constituent Assembly. This was passed after an amendment had been accepted making the increase retroactive to the date of Mr. Gazder's appointment, March 28, 1953.

The episode offers reasons enough for lack of confidence in the Assembly; but it was within Mohammed Ali's control. The real reasons for the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly lie deeper.

THE Assembly was never a representative body. Its members were in theory elected by the provincial legislatures, which had themselves been chosen by a limited electorate before Pakistan came into existence. In fact most of the members of the Constituent Assembly were virtually nominated by a small group of leaders of the Moslem League gathered around Mr. Jinnah. These men had been in positions of power for seven years, holding posts as governors, ministers, and ambassadors. There was no opposition to them worthy of the name. The real struggle for power lay within the Moslem League. It was a struggle between personalities, between provinces, and especially between East and West Pakistan.

In March, 1954, elections based on universal suffrage were held in East Bengal, and the Moslem League suffered its first and most disastrous defeat. Its opponents, called the United Front, were held together by a common dislike of the League. The United Front took office but was dismissed after two months, and a new governor was appointed by the central government. This new governor, Major General Iskander Mirza, ruled as agent of the central government without the assistance of the local legislature or cabinet.

Since East Bengal has more than half the population of Pakistan, the election did not promise well for the fortunes of the Moslem League. Something like panic set in, and each section of the League began to try to strengthen its influence at home by making extravagant claims in behalf of local interests. Thus the Bengal League fought the Punjabi League, while each group had its own internal warring factions.

At the moment there is no national alternative to the Moslem League, but the League has lost its cohesion. Rather than surrender to political anarchy and possible national dissolution the Governor General and the Prime Minister have installed a strong, predominantly nonpolitical Cabinet. The Prime Minister himself had been active in political life in Bengal and had served in diplomatic posts in Burma, Canada, and the United States before he was recalled in 1953 to become Prime Minister. His Finance Minister is a former civil servant, and his Minister of Defense is the army commander-in-chief. Major General Iskander Mirza has also been brought into the Cabinet, as has the Pakistan High Commissioner in London, M. A. H. Ispahani. Of the eight initial members, three besides the Prime Minister were in the old ministry.

The Governor General has announced that new elections will be held as early as possible to enable the people, through their elected representatives, to decide the future course of the state. The proclamation does not explicitly dissolve the existing Constituent Assembly. Indeed, it is a matter for argument whether the Governor General, even with the support of the Cabinet, has the power of dissolution: the section of the Government of India Act authorizing such action has been deleted. However, his powers under the Indian Independence Act include the power to make constitutional alterations. As the present crisis has demonstrated, Pakistan is a state in which the executive rather than the legislature is supreme.

WHAT will be the next step? The new Constituent Assembly will presumably be chosen by direct election, and this will necessitate defining the franchise, allocating seats among provinces, and drawing constituency boundaries. It remains to be seen whether a stable majority capable of supporting and controlling a government will emerge. In any event the problems that caused the disruption of the old Assembly still exist. Should power be concentrated in the central government or transferred to the provinces? Should there be parity of representation between East and West? Should Urdu be the predominant language? Should the provinces of West Pakistan be merged? What should be the real content of the provisions establishing an Islamic state?

If agreement on a constitution is impossible, Pakistan will have to develop one through a series of precedents, as

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the British have done. After all, the structure of the first Constituent Assembly was not the result of agreement among Pakistanis but of the Cabinet Mission Plan and the Indian Independence Act. The structure of the second will be designed by the Governor General and the Cabinet. The Prime Minister may have been right when he said: "Constitution-making is important. But more important by far is the security and stability of our country."

HOLLYWOOD'S MESSAGE

The Kiss and the Slug Fest . . *by Frank Fenton*

Hollywood

IN THE first chapter of Charles Grayson's new novel, "Venus Rising," the young picture star, Venus Mitchell, visits a physician and in a voice "scarcely louder than a whisper" tells him she is afraid she is frigid. She does not feel toward a man "like you are supposed to feel." Indeed, she has not made the list of the "Ten Actresses Who Send a Message." At this point I suspect some profound symbolism on Grayson's part, but it eludes me. Is Venus Mitchell perhaps a symbol of contemporary Hollywood, which does not feel toward mankind the way it is supposed to feel and certainly sends out no message?*

There is a proverb now popular in the business that goes something like this, "If you want to send messages, call Western Union." I suppose it was conceived during the Red investigation conducted by Congress. Before the investigation messages from Hollywood were always quite innocuous—like the Gilbert-Garbo kiss, the fight in "The Spoilers," the Walls of Jericho in "It Happened One Night," or the Watusi in "King Solomon's Mines" who made everybody wonder why Africa did not have a basketball team.

The Congressional investigation shattered the complacency of Hollywood. One writer after another rolled away in a tumbril. The people of the country shuddered; who had ever dreamed that Hollywood supported, even enriched, such sinister folk? It is true that practically all the culprits were past masters of inanity and that nothing resembling a significant "message" could be found in their scripts, but this did not allay the prevailing fear.

Hollywood has always complimented itself on being the art medium that best conveys the American Way of Life, despite its lurid indulgence in mayhem, sex, and cheesecake. But it is now hard to say whether or not its classic examples of Americana are messages, for the meaning of "message" has become curiously confused and a thorn in every scenarist's vocabulary.

What, indeed, is a message? What is not a message? In Hollywood I have heard that messages of any kind are to be avoided as the plague. Thus the cagy writer will avoid any temptation to communicate ideas that do not meet the approval of such astute censors of the American mind as Senator McCarthy.

The Hollywood writer has seldom felt about his characters or about mankind "like you are supposed to feel." He has been a kind of Venus Mitchell, suspecting frigidity in himself and certainly not getting on the list of those who send messages. Who knew better than he that being out of rapport with humanity was one of the requisites of film writing? Who has been belabored more for this deficiency than he—by the intellectuals, the illuminati, the pedants, and the Higher Critics?

Recently the *New Republic* referred to a Western as a "profoundly meaningful example of a peculiarly American morality play," in which the Apaches represented "the ubiquitous challenge of natural forces." Obviously this kind of analysis would give any writer pause, as it did me, possibly because I was the author of the picture being reviewed. It indicates the difficulties into which any author can get, particularly those writers of "oaters" who have seldom been nearer a horse than a pari-mutuel ticket.

The Hollywood writer can only conclude that a "message" is some form of criticism of the accepted American way of life, an attack, however veiled, on the status quo. Any such attack might easily link him with the Reds, Pinks, Malcontents, and Fifth Amendment addicts. However, the status quo is in dire flux. Who are the heroes and villains of these times? Phil the Fiddler, Tony the Tramp, the Banker with the Mortgage? Even the acquisition of riches has become dubious—could it not be a veiled and subversive criticism of private enterprise? Should a Mexican be a murderer; a Brazilian peddle narcotics; a Frenchman be a traducer; an Italian a mobster? Be careful! the writer mutters to himself. Be careful of the United Nations, the Catholics, the Protestants, the Democrats, the Republicans, the Optimists, the Legion, the Boy Scouts. Even a phrase pilfered from the Constitution or Holy Writ may be fraught with danger.

What, then, may he write? Well, there remain the long kiss and the big fight, and the "peculiarly American morality play." Perhaps at long last Hollywood has achieved a real rapport with the rest of the country. Fear and uncertainty have joined them in a melancholy liaison. Possibly this is the decade of tongue-tied men, of the psychiatrist's couch and the dunce's stool. The times might, indeed, seem desperate if we did not know they would pass—they invariably do.

*Henry Holt and Company, the publishers of "Venus Rising," say that it is a novel "of a beautiful actress who is incapable of love and tries to make a joke of it, and of a successful doctor who finds her irresistibly attractive."

FRANK FENTON, screen writer, has a long list of screen credits to his name, among the most recent being "Escape from Fort Bravo" and "Ride, Vaquero!" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He is also the author of a novel, "A Place in the Sun."

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BOOKS

Ellen Glasgow's Private History

THE WOMAN WITHIN. The Autobiography of Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

By Maxwell Geismar

ELLEN GLASGOW was a literary rebel in the first half of her career, a literary ancestor in the second half, but her work has never had the full recognition it deserves. One of our top three women writers, she has been eclipsed by the glow of Willa Cather's lovely fairy tales and by the cool glitter of Edith Wharton's social snobbery. Yet as a literary figure Miss Glasgow was superior to these ladies in many respects, and her best novels are of equal interest and importance with theirs. She wrote "Barren Ground" and "The Romantic Comedians" in her early fifties; "Vein of Iron" and "The Sheltered Life," the latter perhaps the high novel of them all, when she was approaching sixty.

This is in itself a phenomenon in American literature, at least today when we have come to regard each new book by Faulkner or Hemingway or Dos Passos with increasing anxiety and failing hope. They are all through, I think, our great stars; but in her present autobiography, written in her sixties and published ten years after her death, Ellen Glasgow continues to be as mature and as vital as ever. Both the facts of her life and of what might be considered her private history are presented here with a remarkable candor.

From her earlier work one might imagine the restricted youth of this Virginia belle who became a Socialist, a suffragette, and an evolutionary thinker in the Richmond society of the 1900's, and whose first published book was attributed to Harold Frederic. What one could not understand until now was the extent of the pain and suffering which Ellen Glasgow was forced to endure within the discreet boundaries of that sheltered life; or the domestic conflict which she makes little or no attempt to conceal. The mother was as beautiful, soft, loving as was the heroine of "Virginia"; and just as in the novel, she was betrayed by life, or more particularly by married life. No doubt the series of scathing portraits in which Ellen Glasgow disposed of contemporary Southern men—who had learned to talk and to preach before they had learned to think—stemmed from an early and open hatred of her father.

At least the "mask of evil" was the dominant image of her childhood; the note of physical pain, of morbid fear, of pity for suffering life is a constant refrain. She was a delicate child, almost condemned to stifle in the dark by the medicine of her time; beyond this sick room lay the ruins of the Reconstruction period, the genteel poverty of the former aristocracy, which she described in "Life and Gabriella." What is impressive is that as an artist Ellen Glasgow escaped from this death chamber—into which she then hurled all those legends of the Old South that had surrounded her youth—and moved toward the common life of her own time. Her early novels, from "The Voice of the People" to "The Miller of Old Church," set out to destroy the fatal illusions of the slave-owning Virginia planters.

Those illusions, those myths, legends, and superstitions, were the stock in trade of the Southern romances of the period, in which, as William Dean Howells declared, the Civil War was fought over again and won by the South. They are still considered a precious heritage by Southern novelists and critics of today who have never bothered to read Ellen Glasgow. "I was a radical when everyone else I knew was conservative," she says in the autobiography—and when the idea of a young Southern lady being a serious writer was considered by her friends as something of a scandal, or a secret vice. And yet life "continued its hostilities." Her mother died, her younger brother committed suicide, her sister Cary's husband died, and then Cary too became ill. In her middle years Ellen Glasgow found herself "wounded and caged" and the victim of an increasing deafness which set her even more apart from people than she had always been.

It was at this moment, desperate but guided by the instinct for life which marks the primary writers, that she fell in love. The man was a New York banker, unhappily married, whom she calls Gerald B—. The relationship lasted for seven years until his death; but meanwhile, with a remarkable direction of her energies, with utmost honesty, and without qualms, Ellen Glasgow not only had enriched her life but saved her art. For almost all her earlier novels were "literary" in tone despite their radical social values, while the central human relationships had reflected the author's own "unconquerable isolation." Her reading of Gautama the Buddha, of Christ and St. Francis and Tolstoy, had been, as she says, "not to know, but to live." And for the period of her central love experience she was radiantly alive.

It is a touching episode in the autobiography, though she was plunged into despair again at the close; and her second love affair—with a typically ambitious and successful Virginia gentleman—provided an ironic sequel. Perhaps it was this "comedy of errors" which finally killed her spirit, as she says, but which also released the marvelous satiric muse that presides over the best books of her later years. For the spirit which was "destroyed"—and there is a note of self-pity which one must discount—only rose to flourish in the final period of Ellen Glasgow's work.

Even when she showed no mercy to an ailing heart and it gave out—that heart which had showed no mercy to her, as she told her doctor—she was still working on the final draft of "In This Our Life." Though I have stressed the inner history of a heroic woman, I should mention her entertaining account of the "forty immortals of the American Academy" whom she met in the 1900's. "The trouble was that I thought of them as old gentlemen, and they thought of themselves as old masters." Probably James Branch Cabell, to whom she pays generous tribute in "The Woman Within," is the single Southern writer to escape the barbs of a spirit which pursued the classical course from tragedy to irony—or the only possible course.

MAXWELL GEISMAR, a contributing editor of The Nation, *is a critic and historian of the American novel.*

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Pearl Buck's Worlds

MY SEVERAL WORLDS. By Pearl S. Buck. John Day. $5.

By Edgar Snow

IT IS a quarter of a century since Pearl Buck wrote a novel which, perhaps more than all earlier books combined, made the outside world China-conscious. In "The Good Earth" millions of Westerners first met the Chinese people as they really feel and think and behave. Before 1930 many Americans pictured the Chinese only as queer laundrymen, or clever merchants like Fu Manchu, or heathens sitting in outer darkness; few believed they could greatly influence our own fate. Since then historical events have taught us otherwise—and among those "events" Pearl Buck's books might well be included. Her more than two dozen novels, translations, and non-fiction books interpreting traditional and revolutionary Asia have fully justified the early award to her of the Nobel prize in literature.

The present volume begins with the author's infant memories of China in the days of the Boxers, and carries the personal story down to her present vigorous life—she is sixty-two—as a writer, mother, educator, Bucks County farmer, and organizer of the unique Welcome House, which finds adoptive parents for foundlings of Asian American birth. It is an absorbing narrative told with warmth and humor and insight, often as moving as her best novels, with the easy grace and integrity notable in her biographies of her missionary parents. Written in modesty and humility, the book faithfully mirrors the mind and heart and strength of a truly admirable and distinguished American. For although Pearl Buck lived and studied in China forty years before she settled in Pennsylvania, it is pleasant to believe that the essence of her character—her practical human sympathy, her respect for the dignity of toil and for cultures other than her own—are part of the best in the American heritage.

Her transplantation was not an easy one. "To change countries is an overwhelming and may be a crushing experience," she says. "I have accomplished it since I left China, and my respect for all immigrants and my understanding of them have grown steadily. To move from an old-established society, and the Chinese were that and have remained so in spite of the upheavals of revolution and temporary government, into an effervescent and fluid new society, such as the American still is and must remain for many future decades or perhaps centuries, is to do more than change countries—it is to change worlds and epochs."

What she misses most about China is essentially what all Americans long exposed to a great and ancient culture are bound to feel wanting on their return. "If ever I am homesick for China, now that I am home in my own country, it is when I discover here no philosophy. Our people have opinions and creeds and prejudices and ideas but as yet no philosophy." Perhaps the search for it is part of the dynamism of America, and meanwhile Miss Buck finds many similarities between ourselves and the Chinese. "We are continental peoples, for one thing: that is, we are accustomed to think in space and size and plenty. There is nothing niggardly about either of us—there seldom is about continental peoples, possessing long seacoasts and high mountains. We are careless, easy-going, loving our jokes and songs."

And yet our fundamental differences grew faster with intimacy, we know, than our common sympathies—despite years of pleading by people like Pearl Buck, who steadily warned of the coming catastrophe for unrepentant Western imperialism. She believes our great mistake was to assume the burdens—and hence the earned punishment—of European imperialists, whose follies we did not commit. For we shall never be able to hold our place in the world "by force of arms and government" but only by "the working of the American spirit" in policies of neighborly help and "mutual benefit and friendship"—and the fullest respect for people's rights of self-determination.

Visiting Sinclair Lewis's comfortable house in Sauk Center, Pearl Buck could only wonder at the "accidental combination of elements" which caused him to "burst out of those walls, and out of the town and what it stood for, loving it so much that he hated it for not being all he wanted it to be and knew it could be. That was the way he loved his whole country, and that, too, I can understand." There is something of that quality also in Pearl Buck's own love for each of her "several worlds" and in her talent as a great and civilized lady.

EDGAR SNOW is the author of "Red Star over China" and other books.

Selected New Books

European Politics

A WOMAN IN BERLIN. Anonymous. Translated by James Stern. Harcourt, Brace. $4. This German diary of the Russian occupation of Berlin, with an introduction by C. W. Ceram (pseudonym of the author of "Gods, Graves, and Scholars"), is an eloquent tale of defeat, hunger, rape, and adjustment to hard circumstances. The moral, if any, is that some Russians are beasts, some are saints, and rape is not always as bad as it sounds.

THE BORMANN LETTERS. Translated by R. H. Stevens. British Book Center. $3.75. Martin Bormann, Hitler's secretary and "party chancellor" who disappeared in 1945, exchanged "love letters" with his wife between January, 1943, and April, 1945. The letters are here published, with pictures, a foreword by François Genoud, and an introduction by H. R. Trevor-Roper. They throw new light, albeit murkily, on Nazi politics and on the Nazi *Weltanschauung*—for example, Frau Bormann, having borne her husband ten children, welcomed his affair with actress "M" in order that a good pagan female should also be blessed with racially sound progeny.

STRESEMANN AND THE REARMAMENT OF GERMANY. By Hans W. Gatzke. Johns Hopkins. $3. Gustav Stresemann, hero of European reconciliation in the mid-1920's, left unpublished papers which fell into American hands in 1945 and were made available to scholars in 1953. Hans W. Gatzke, of Johns Hopkins University, has here digested the papers and brilliantly presented the results. With Russian aid Stresemann consistently connived in illegal German rearmament and contributed more than any other statesman of the Weimar Republic to the restoration of the Reich as a great power. Dr. Gatzke does not draw the moral for 1954, since it is obvious.

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GERMAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE. By Paul Leverkuehn. Translated by R. H. Stevens and Constantine FitzGibbon. Praeger. $3.50. The author of this gossipy volume of cloak-and-dagger memoirs was an aide of Admiral Canaris and *Abwehr* director of Nazi espionage in Turkey and the Near East during most of World War II. His intrigues with Rashid Ali, pro-Nazi Premier of Iraq, and with the Mufti of Jerusalem are fascinating, as are his revelations of the administrative and technological problems of spying. These reminiscences of a clever automaton vividly reinforce the hypothesis that totalitarian *Realpolitik* is self-defeating, precisely because it is totally immoral, and that "intelligence" experts in Germany as in most countries were not very intelligent.

TYCOONS AND TYRANTS. By Louis P. Lochner. Regnery. $5. During fourteen pre-war years Louis Lochner was chief of the Berlin bureau of the Associated Press. He is among the ablest journalists of our time. In this, his latest book, he undertakes to demonstrate, with much conscientious documentation, that the major German industrialists of the 1930's did not decisively subsidize Hitler, did not really "want war," and were more sinned against than sinning, since they were fools rather than scoundrels. Despite ample opportunities for observation, Mr. Lochner still does not understand the sociology of fascism. In a time of recartelization and impending rearmament, he bids us have faith in German big business.

THE SCOURGE OF THE SWASTIKA. By Lord Russell of Liverpool. Philosophical Library. $4.50. Sir Hartley Shawcross, speaking to the International Military Tribunal at Nürnberg, estimated that "on the lowest computation" the Nazi masters of the Third Reich murdered in cold blood "twelve million men, women, and children." Lord Russell, legal adviser to the commander-in-chief in respect to trials of war criminals in the British zone, here presents a "short history" of Nazi atrocities, with pictures. The result, as always, is a record of incredible bestiality on the highest level of efficiency.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

East Asia

SCIENCE AND CIVILISATION IN CHINA. Vol. I, Introductory Orientations. By Joseph Needham, with the Research Assistance of Wang Ling. Cambridge. $10. Professor Needham's seven-volume work is designed to show the Chinese scientific contribution to humanity. The author scans early Chinese contacts with the Indian, Arabic, and European cultures and begins his analysis of the convergence and diffusion of scientific ideas and techniques. The eminent biologist's introduction opens up exciting new vistas into a poorly known area of Chinese culture and is "must" reading for all interested in the subject.

CHINA'S RESPONSE TO THE WEST. By Ssŭ-Yü Teng and John K. Fairbank, with E-tu Zen Sun, Chaoying Fang, and Others. Harvard. $6.75. An annotated survey of selected Chinese documents from 1839 to 1923 reflecting the struggle of Chinese statesmen and scholars with the task of adjusting ancient institutions and conservative procedures to those aspects of a changing contemporary world which would no longer be denied ingress. This competent portrayal soberingly mirrors the oppressive magnitude of the century-old Chinese problem—evolution or revolution?

THE UMBRELLA GARDEN. Adapted from the Chinese by Maria Yen, with Richard M. McCarthy. Macmillan. $4. The student-exile "Maria Yen" sets forth her 1949-50 observations of the Communists' molding of thought in uniform pattern in a Peking university. Her ingenuous case-history offers corroborative evidence of intellectual regimentation and the dulling of the aesthetic spirit in China but fails to plumb the full tragedy of the disillusionment of idealistic individualists confronted with harsh post-revolutionary realities.

REPORT ON INDO-CHINA. By Bernard Newman. Praeger. $4. This combination of 1953 travelogue and accompanying politico-economic comment incorporates no experience from the rebel side in Indo-China, and the author's observations regarding the political problem of Vietnam were overrun and outdated by the recent Geneva agreement. However, the Vietminh victory only added urgency to the (briefer) commentaries on Laos and Cambodia, and the descriptive matter retains a natural interest.

THE COMMUNIST STRUGGLE IN MALAYA. By Gene Z. Hanrahan. Institute of Pacific Relations. $2. A scholarly account of the development of the Communist movement in Malaya and of British counter-measures, with appended documents revealing Communist strategy. Given especially the Communist leaders' admission that the future of revolution in Malaya depends heavily on international developments, and the predominantly Chinese nationality of the Malayan movement, this careful record increases in value with the changes brought into the balance of power in Southeast Asia by the Indo-China truce.

O. EDMUND CLUBB

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Theater

Harold Clurman

"FRAGILE FOX," by Norman Brooks, a belated war play—it was written several years ago—lacks a central theme. There is a cowardly captain protected by his colonel for political reasons, an embittered lieutenant who wants to kill the captain because his cowardice led to the slaughter of some of the lieutenant's men, an upright lieutenant who begins the play as a disciplined soldier and ends by shooting the captain. None of this is uninteresting, but neither is it sufficiently new or personal in its idiom to warrant special consideration.

The acting of the youngish cast is remarkable for a vigor and vocal forthrightness which have all but disappeared in our theater since the days of "Waiting for Lefty." Dane Clark, Don Taylor, James Gregory, Richard Carlyle, Crahan Denton, and nearly all the others are to be commended on a combination of characterization and energy.

The melodrama of the play would be more gripping if the scenic effects—gunfire and the like—were more convincing. Years ago stage hands knew how to create such effects even more "realistically" than the movies. Today, alas, these effects are put on tape or on records and sound so feeble and tinny that a large part of the thrill is lost. It is sad to sit in the Belasco Theater and miss the old Belasco wizardry.

PARTS of "Peter Pan," a musical without any music worth mentioning (Winter Garden), are better than the whole. Here the effects, mechanical as well as human, are admirably carried out. It is delightful to watch Peter and three of the children flying ecstatically through the air. And there can be nothing but long applause for Jerome Robbins's choreographic staging, full of brio, humor, and cute playfulness. In addition, Mary Martin, whose courage, proficiency, and charm as a performer deserve our gratitude as much as they compel our wonder, is supported by a carefully selected cast, among whom I choose Sondra Lee as Tiger Lily—Indian chief—as my favorite.

Yet while I left the theater with a thorough appreciation of the talent displayed, I felt no genuine warmth or real affection for the whole event. "Peter Pan" is a grand show quickened by nothing but ability. It offers skill rather than sentiment. Hardly any of Barrie's sweetness remains. No one, not even the youngest member of the cast, believes in that good Scotsman's fairies. It all happens on Broadway.

HEART is what Kim Stanley possesses. Her flickering but warm glow lends pathos to the awkwardness of Horton Foote's "The Traveling Lady" (The Playhouse). Kim Stanley is the youngest addition to that line of American actresses whose emblematic figures are Laurette Taylor and Pauline Lord. They express the inarticulate but eloquent womanhood of those who have never learned to become ladies. They seem out of step with their environment. They have no "front," no bright armor, no sheen of social glamour. They appear slightly damaged, incalculably hurt, rich in basic human experience.

Kim Stanley has amazing naturalness; her speech is real communication instinct with the unpredictable music and the ebb and flow of a genuine connection with whoever is her partner on the stage. She rarely stiffens with false theatrical projection. Her very presence seems to emanate meaning. She is still far from the mastery which made Laurette Taylor our unmatched example of that humane stagecraft in which artist and person merge in magic integration. Yet if our theater and her will sustain her, it may be possible for Kim Stanley to progress a long way toward that goal.

My reference to the awkwardness of Mr. Foote's script is criticism and not disparagement. Mr. Foote has talent—true kinship with his material, observation, sensibility, a good ear. But he does not yet know how to pattern his material to his form. There are incidents in the second act which are irrelevant to his story, so that what is essentially a simple tale of a simple soul is made to look like a melodrama which has misfired. The construction of the play, moreover, does

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not allow the full implications of its characters to become clear. For this reason the audience never quite realizes that the characters represent diverse facets of the play's environment, crucial to the understanding of the play's total significance. As a result, one is not sure whether the play is an extended sketch or a too fragmentary depiction of a world only partly revealed; whether the author is saying too much or too little.

The fact that Mr. Foote has not yet solved his problem—even in his later play, "A Trip to Bountiful," produced last season—should not disqualify him from our regard. His themes are true themes—and profoundly native. They deal essentially with the difficulty of sinking roots in a soil made barren in the big cities by mechanization and in the country by the dry rot of a dead past. The old mother in "Bountiful" sought to recover the verdure of her childhood home by running away from the big town. The young mother of "The Traveling Lady" wants to find for her child any kind of home which has a chance to endure, but she has to wander all over the largest state in the Union to do so.

AS A scenario and vehicle Richard Nash's "The Rainmaker" (Cort Theater) is more efficient than "The Traveling Lady." Mr. Nash's play, a sentimental comedy verging on fantasy, is about a girl who considers herself plain and who finds difficulty in getting herself a husband. She achieves a husband at last through the aid of a lovable faker who besides posing as a rainmaker preaches the virtues of faith, life, and reaching for the moon.

The play seems to be somewhat "symbolic" of the author's yearning and effort to write acceptable poetic drama—which up to now he has failed to do. In the play the fraudulent but dream-ridden "rainmaker," after many perilous false starts, succeeds at the end in bringing on the rain, just as Nash, in flight from realism, has here wrought a play which is something of a success.

The trouble with "The Rainmaker" as a poetic or romantic comedy is that its writing has no song, though it has some pleasant humorous passages, and the specific materials the author employs do not seem organic to him. After all, "Peter Pan" was Barrie, and thus his play, for all its nonsense, is real, while "The Rainmaker," for all its naturalistic plausibility, appears concocted. Poetry is born from a writer's particular sense of life, not from a desire to create beauty or enchantment.

The play's merit is that it provides an opportunity to see Geraldine Page in a light vein. She has a voice that is like a thin ribbon of pained feeling which through her peculiar but entirely original rhythm weaves an odd but frequently fascinating design. The cast also includes Albert Salmi, a young character of noteworthy individuality.

Films

Robert Hatch

ALEC GUINNESS is the M. G. of British post-war film exports. Like the car, he is small, cute, agile, and able to get a prodigious mileage out of a minimum of fuel. Also he is a "class" product and a cult. There is no telling how long the Guinness vogue will continue. The sales curve of chic is unpredictable.

On the stage Guinness is said to be a serious, interesting, and variable actor. On the screen he is an invariable hit personality and almost no actor at all. No one can act unless he is given something to act in, and in a whole string of pictures—"Oliver Twist" was an exception—Guinness has been provided with material written solely to show off his gift for wily meekness and roguish piety. To take only the three most popular, "The Lavender Hill Mob," "The Man in the White Suit," and "The Captain's Paradise" are all little jokes. They have no sustained dramatic life of their own, and Guinness must flail about in them like a boy spinning nine tops at once. It is a great display of virtuosity, but it is also a great strain, for Guinness is an actor and not a clown. The business of a clown is to create a universal man who maintains his personality in whatever outlandish situation; but actors who permit a personality to dominate all their roles are caught in a rut.

So now we have Guinness in "The Detective," drawn from G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown stories. Again the prissy propriety mocked by the bright and knowing eye, again the agile mind and the tumbler's body that cut didoes around more stolid adversaries. Again the little fellow against the system. But Guinness is not Chaplin; he lacks the remote, narcissistic, impervious superiority of the clown. Like any actor, he is an interpreter of the given material, and all

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he is being given these days is more of the same.

"The Detective" is a surprisingly feeble story—Chesterton would scarcely have boasted of it, if indeed he recognized it. And through it runs an assertive thread of propaganda which the creator of Father Brown was too good a propagandist for his church ever to have used.

ACCORDING to the opening paragraph of the official program, "Carmen Jones" "heralds an exciting new phase in the rapid fruition of the multi-faceted potentialities of the anamorphic lens system and its corollary four-track stereophonic sound." The picture does seem a little mechanical, but it is by no means so bad that the blurb writers had to retreat into flying-saucer jive talk. In fact, Otto Preminger's screen adaptation of Oscar Hammerstein's modern version of Bizet's indestructible opera is what that opera has always been—a rousing entertainment. Carmen is Lilith; whenever she appears, men become restless and women flex their claws.

"Carmen Jones" is played by an all-Negro cast and set in a Southern parachute factory and in Chicago during World War II. No artistic end is served by this bizarre restyling of the opera; it is a work of shrewd commercial packaging, a salesman's substitute for a new idea. In this case, it has the good effect of bringing a handsome group of unfamiliar actors to the screen. But the cast has been whipped relentlessly into the Hollywood pattern: there is not a new gesture or a fresh inflection in the picture, and every character seems modeled on a famous star. Dorothy Dandridge handles the title role in the manner currently prescribed for scarlet women and is obviously a contender for the national sex championship. Good intentions would never protect a man from this overpowering enticement; a sense of humor might save him, but that is precisely what "Carmen's" sad hero lacks. Harry Belafonte, playing him here as a clean-cut G. I., looked like the best actor of the lot. His closing scenes, ending in the strangling of Miss Jones, are overplayed and a little popeyed, but that is probably the direction. Belafonte is handsome, graceful, and sometimes wonderfully expressive; he could develop into an arresting actor—if there is any real place in America for Negro actors.

Pearl Bailey sings for herself in the movie; the singing voices of the other leads are dubbed. The substitution is brilliantly managed, but one nevertheless feels cheated.

THE Swedish "Illicit Interlude" is a flashback tale of first love, a theme that never dates, told in a mannered screen style that dates to the art cameras of UFA in the 1920's. Hard-lit close-ups that make a pock of every pore, tricky camera angles on the embraces, the long cut to cloud formations for emotional transitions, melancholy advice from a clown in full make-up, rain on the window in moments of depression, a ravaged theatrical face being wiped of grease paint—the story is too unassuming to survive so many hand-me-down devices. But the heroine, played by May Britt, is partial to sleeping in pajama tops and to early morning dips in the nude—habits which may give the picture a welcome notoriety.

You will recognize the story. A ballet dancer of thirty-eight—scenes from the Stockholm Opera Ballet—recalls a summer of twenty years ago with such vividness that the hot weeks of sun, salt water, and sex reappear before her eyes. The lover is gone—killed that summer in a bravado dive from the cliffs—a satyr uncle has been successfully eluded, and she has been slaving away at the ballet trade ever since. A new lover is now importuning her. Should she, can she, love again? She can and does, with a rueful acceptance of the fact that Eden can never be revisited. This is perfectly acceptable romance, and there is a large afternoon audience for it. But it should be played straight and sweet; "Illicit Interlude" is a little hammy.

A bright future is being predicted for May Britt—largely on the score that she comes from Sweden. Right now she looks director-ridden—neither her adolescent romping nor her mature misery convey much inner conviction. But she is a good-looking girl and a hard worker. She will probably turn up here—under a new name. May Britt does not have the real Oscar ring to it.

[*ROBERT HATCH will from now on review current films for* The Nation *every other week.*]

Music

B. H. Haggin

WHAT the Balanchine eye sees—whether it is American musical-show dancing or Scotch dances or modern dance—turns up in his ballets; and in the delightful new "Western Symphony," which the New York City Ballet presented in September, it is Western American square dancing. The steps are those of classical ballet; but they are done by groups whose striding about and falling into formations and ducking in and out of these formations are those of the square dancing, done to the succession of American folk tunes of Hershy Kay's engaging score (whose four movements may make it a symphony to his ears but don't to mine). The detailed invention is ample, genial, gay, funny—with some quiet little Balanchine jokes in the slow movement, as well as the more vigorous fun of the fast movements. As for performance, the slow movement employs Janet Reed's deadpan comic gift; the earlier fast movements are danced engagingly by Diana Adams, Patricia Wilde, Herbert Bliss, and Todd Bolender or Eglevsky; and Tanaquil LeClercq and Jacques d'Amboise—the one in an amusing elegantly slangy American style, the other with his well-mannered brilliance—lead the company in an increasingly exciting finale.

In Balanchine's other new work, "Ivesiana"—so called because its musical basis is several pieces by Charles Ives—one thing to say is that like last year's "Opus 34" it offers evidence of Balanchine's having seen modern dance; and like "Opus 34" it demonstrates how much better he can do it than the modern dancers themselves. Which amounts to saying how much greater powers operate in his use of the modern idiom than in theirs, and brings us to the important fact about "Ivesiana"—that it is another remarkable manifestation of his creative power and originality, in the particular line of development which revealed it-

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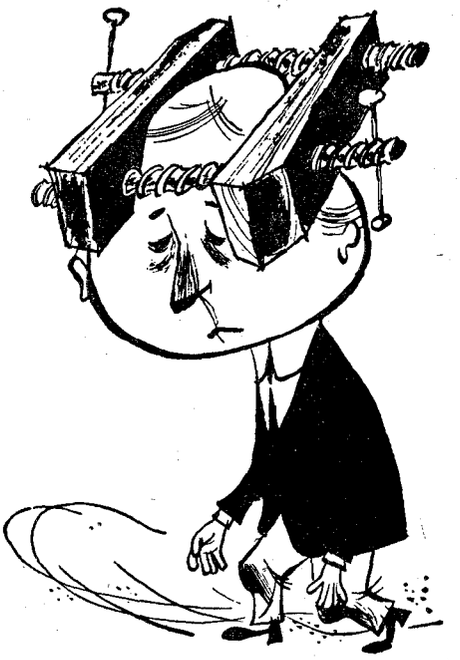

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self in "Opus 34," and in that line because of a musical basis similar to that of "Opus 34." That is, except for the jazz that breaks in for a few moments, Ives's "Central Park in the Dark" is in a modern idiom that makes no more coherent musical sense to me than the Schönberg piece used in "Opus 34"; and like that piece it provides Balanchine with a suitable sound-track—this time for the powerful metaphors of an episode of sexual brutality, the powerful comments of the corps. Ives's "The Unanswered Question" performs a similar function for the most strikingly original episode in the ballet—the latest in Balanchine's series of extraordinary supported adagios: one in which, this time, the man crawls after, reaches up for, and never succeeds in making contact with the girl who enters supported aloft and erect by four other men who move and swing her down and up and around and eventually carry her out. And on the other hand the distorted jazz of "In the Inn" is directly and obviously related to Balanchine's grotesque caricatures of popular dances. LeClercq and Bolender in this episode, Reed and Moncion in "Central Park," Allegra Kent and Bolender in "The Unanswered Question," Wilde, Adams, d'Amboise, and Bliss in the other episodes that I don't remember as clearly—all contribute to a superb performance of this extraordinary work.

On the other hand in the revival of the Rodgers-Hart-Balanchine "On Your Toes" Balanchine demonstrates—in the routines for the excellent Bobby Van, and in the big ensemble numbers for "Quiet Night" and "On Your Toes"—that he can use the American musical-show idiom as effectively as any American; and in the "On Your Toes" number he begins with this idiom, then has one of the repetitions of the song danced in his classical ballet idiom, and then combines the two, with first only one couple jitterbugging around a couple doing a classical ballet adagio, and then the entire company joining in one of his brilliant final crescendos. All this in addition to the famous "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" and the "Princess Zenobia" burlesque of "Scheherazade." It was "Princess Zenobia" that stayed in my memory all these years; and perhaps I only imagined the additional details that I remembered making it even more hilariously funny than it is now.

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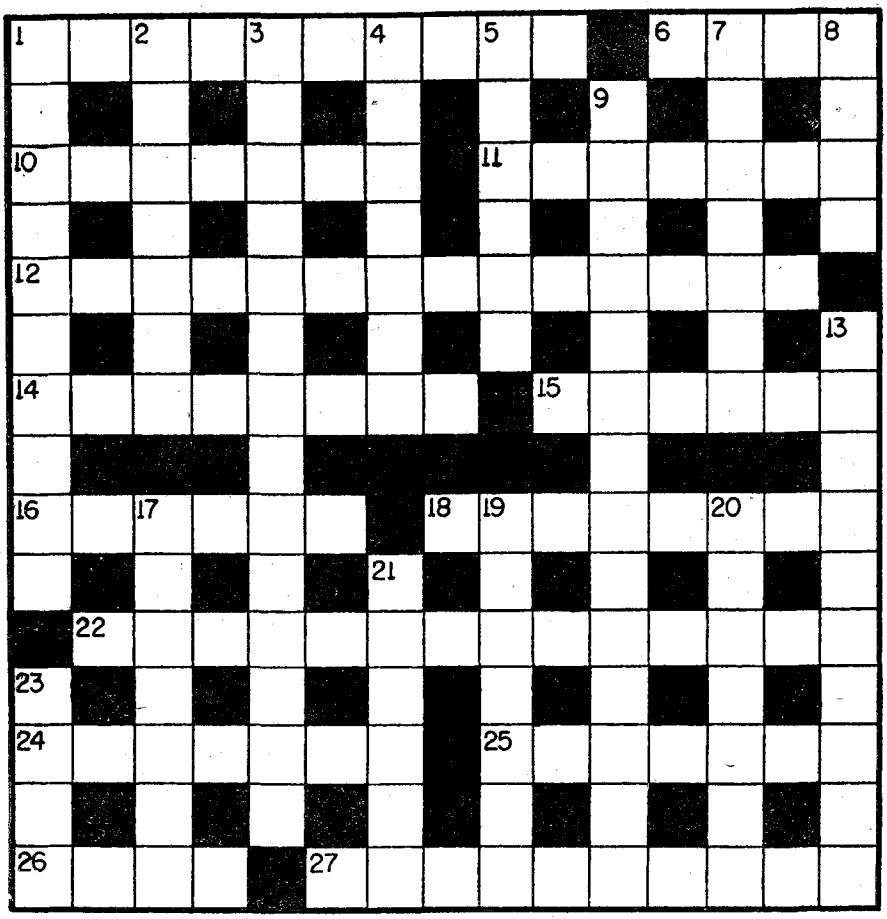
Crossword Puzzle No. 593

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A friend like Hamlet? (10)
6 Grasped at the end? (4)
10 Cartier isn't very dependable. (7)
11 A bad example of legislation, despite its eelemosynary aims. (4, 3)
12 Concerning the poetry of our language? (It should be on the ball!) (7, 7)
14 Actors, and many of them, gamble this way. (4, 4)
15 Are those who give it this trying, or just going around in circles? (6)
16 Back up thus to take care of things here. (6)
18 Bob should be a near relative. (8)
22 It might make drawing easy. (6, 2, 6)
24 Take illegally a bad rate from the "show-girl." (7)
25 Trouble with a buzz in your ear? (7)
26 An act which might involve trust. (4)
27 Not much to carry up north! (6, 4)

DOWN

1 and 8. Very early wand? (3, 5, 2, 4)
2 A railroad to the unsanctified town of riddles. (7)
3 With such travel, you won't be told there's no space left. (14)
4 The way to get a nice tan, even though no longer young. (7)
5 Look at the first half of the ball game! It's moving along rather rapidly! (6)
7 Polish, used generally in Colonial period. (7)
8 See 1 down.
9 You might, if the clue stinks! (6, 4, 4)
13 Where a shady Princetonian character might go? (5, 5)
17 Jefferson said he did for his country, when he reflected God is just. (7)
19 Thrown away from the players. (3–4)
20 The sort of gold the president makes, which is more than any man. (7)
21 Is this opera full of western animals? Quite the reverse! (6)
23 With which to nail down a bad poet? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 592

ACROSS:—1 NONOFFICIAL; 9 SPITEFUL; 10 PADRES; 12 ABANDON; 15 OVERWEEN; 17 HINDMOST; 20 SATURN; 22 COMPOTE; 26 BONITO; 27 ALLUSION.

DOWN:—2 OUTPOURED; 3 OFFBEAT; 5 CAPABLE; 7 UPKEEP; 16 WITH GUSTO; 18 IGOROT; 19 OUTPOST; 20 SHALLOT; 21 RATION; 23, 13, 8, 28, 6, 24, 14, 11 and 4 PRIDE GOETH BEFORE DESTRUCTION AND AN HAUGHTY SPIRIT BEFORE A FALL; 25 YALU.

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